

Her. So will I grow, so lue, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoke,
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euermore bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Diana's* Altar to protest
For aie, austeritie, and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well possesse: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile adouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I must impley you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concernes your selues.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*
Maner Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthal'd to loue.
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be engag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to chooise loue by anothers eie.

Lys. Or if there were a simparchie in choise,

Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;

Making it momentarie, as a sound:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfoldes both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers haue bene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Trojan vnder saile was seene,
By all the vov'es that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnlay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larks to shepherds eare,
When wheate is Greene, when hawthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skil.

Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,

Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lys. *Helena*, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phoebe* doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue we deuise'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starue our sight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hel. How happy some, ore othersome can be?

Through Athens I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vild, holding no quantity,
Loue can transpoe to forme and dignity,
Loue looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haire.
And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguild,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Loue is periu'd euery where.

For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissol'd, and shewres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottom the
Weauer, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and
Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by
man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which
is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enter-
lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding
day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats
on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on
to appoint.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Come-
dy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry. Now good *Peter*

by the scrowle. Maist

Quince. Answer

Weauer.

Bottom. Ready

proceed.

Quince. You *N*

ramus.

Bot. What is *Pyra*

Quin. A Louer th

loue.

Bot. That will as

ming of it: if I do it, I

I will moone stormes

To the rest yet, my ch

play *Ercles* rarely, or

split the raging Rock

the locks of prison ga

from farre, and make

was lofty. Now nar

is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrant

ling.

Quin. Francis *Flu*

Flu. Heere *Peter*

Quin. You must ta

Flu. What is *This*

Quin. It is the La

Flu. Nay faith, I

beard comming.

Qui. That's all on

you may speake as sm

Bot. And I may hid

Ile speake in a monst

Pyramus my louer dea

deare.

Quin. No no, you

Thuby.

Bot. Well, proce

Qu. *Robin Starvel*

Star. Heere *Peter*

Quince. *Robin St*

mother?

Tom Snowt, the *Tin*

Snowt. Heere *Peter*

Quin. You, *Pyra*

Snug the loyner, you

is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you th

be, giue it me, for I am

Quin. You may d

but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play

will doe any mans hea

that I will make the D

him roare againe.

Quin. If you shou

fright the Dutchesse

shrike, and that were

All. That woul

Bottom. I graunt

fright the Ladies, ou

haue no more discret

grauate my voyce so

any fucking Dote; I

gale.

Quin. You can pla